

# OUR DUMB Animals



"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"

Photo, Louis A. Fuggard



# Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

## IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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## *Humane Convention*

*F*ROM October fifth through the ninth, humanitarians from many parts of this country and from Canada and Mexico will be in session in Boston, Massachusetts, in connection with the National Humane Convention sponsored by The American Humane Association.

Many of those attending will be there because they are privately interested in humane work. Many others will be professional humane workers. They will have much to share: a desire for more knowledge about the work, an opportunity to hear leading humanitarians speak, a general get-together with co-workers, and—we hope—much encouragement to take back home and put to good advantage.

We would like to offer a thought about professionalism in humane work. Here is a danger to which we are all exposed. We come to think, unconsciously, of our work as a business. The sensitiveness to pain and suffering with which we started in former days grows almost inevitably less and less by constant contact with them. The preacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher—each, unless he guards himself against it, becomes professional, loses the personal interest that once characterized him and goes through the motions more like a machine than like one whose heart is as genuinely in his work as his head or his hands. To keep ourselves from the dulling and deadening influences of daily contact with the questions and conditions and cruelties that are constantly to be faced is no simple task. Often must we stop and subject our inner selves to such tests as will reveal to us the actual motives by which we are governed.

Humaneness, whether exercised toward animals or men, is essentially the same quality, and while each one has the right to turn his practical benevolence in any direction most congenial to his nature, he should never lose sight of the fact that in limiting his sympathies, he is warping his nature.

Humaneness, which is another word for love, embraces all in the perfect mind.

E. H. H.

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## Our Letter Box

### Cats and Birds

I do not understand how humans who feast on roast turkey and chicken have the nerve to hate cats for eating birds. People like birds to eat—so do cats. It is their natural food. How can they be hated when we eat birds, too?

—Bessie H. Freethy

### Wildlife in Captivity

The wildlife versus captivity question can be argued from now till doomsday, but the fact remains that we shall never have the true answer because the ones who can give it, our wild animal friends, cannot speak our language. We are too prone, in all cases, to give our own human opinion, and sometimes to condemn, totally ignoring the animal's possible viewpoint. Assuming that our captive animals have proper housing, food and medical care when needed, then what remains. Loss of freedom, only! Freedom for what? Freedom to live a life so hard that we humans, were we called upon to do so, could never take it. Freedom to live a life of cold, want, starvation, slaughter and a continuous fear. Who has seen the look of terror in the eyes of a little wild creature who cannot understand what might happen to him and failed to see what life in the wild can mean? Freedom to live a life of continued apprehension lest a predatory enemy tear him to bits and eat him up. Freedom to become a target for the hunter's gun. Freedom for the worst fate that could befall any creature, to lie wounded by a gun, somewhere unseen and die a slow death of thirst, hunger, and gangrene. Is it not a significant fact that the average life of a small wild bird is only 2 years while that of a canary in a cage 10 years or often much more? Could our wild animal friends talk might they not say: "Your vaunted freedom is our struggle for survival." Those who are quick to condemn all forms of captivity might do well to seriously study the other side of the picture and become serious students of life in the wild.

—May Fluhmann

*Granted these facts, we still wonder if the writer would trade her own freedom of movement, freedom of enterprise for a much more circumscribed life which would give her freedom from fear and want.*

## An Only Pet

By Theresa E. Black

**W**E ARE an average couple with one dog. We have a fenced back yard and our dog is never allowed to roam loose in the neighborhood. The only time he is out is when we have him on the leash for a walk.

Many people have remarked that we take better care of our dog than some people do their children, but recently we learned that we had failed miserably.

Not long ago our dog suffered an illness and our veterinarian prepared us for the loss of our pet. I dropped every unimportant activity to care for our dog and when we brought him back to the doctor a few days later he was amazed at our pet's rapid recovery.

This set us to thinking. We remembered that when our dog was playful and apparently happy we had not paid too much attention to him, but when he was ill we gave him special attention to nurse him back to health.

Of course dogs should not and neither do they care to monopolize all of our time, but if we are to have a healthy, happy dog he must have his place in our daily lives.

Our dog was lonely, so since his illness we have set aside a play hour for him. He waits at the door for my husband to come home from work for he knows that after a brief welcome we have dinner and his feeding time. After a period of relaxation comes his playtime which depends upon the exercise he has had that day.

If he has slept too much we play hide-and-seek or throw-and-fetch with him, but if he has had too much exercise already we bring out his toys and balance one on top of the other while he watches with wide eyes. Then we always let him nudge them for the big downfall. We have several interesting games that he and we enjoy, and we let him name his choice. After playtime is over he is ready to relax and rest or sleep.

When we are ill, those "get-well" cards and flowers make us feel that we have something for which to live, and a play period for an only pet is a "stay-well" bouquet.

Once this routine is established you may be surprised at how accurately your dog can tell time without a clock.



Come out and play with me. I'm lonesome.



# Canine T-V Addict

*By Clark Samuel*

**W**HEN we finally got around to purchasing a television set, an entirely new world opened for "Spotty," our two-year-old cross breed English setter and spaniel.

Before we came to Foxboro, Massachusetts, we had lived in and around New York City in apartments. Although my wife and I have always loved dogs, we could never reconcile ourselves to raising one in an apartment.

Then we moved into our own little house in Foxboro, and the very day before we moved, I heard that the local dog officer had a very promising young dog who had just twenty-four hours to live unless some kind person adopted him. Sometimes our dog officer has to do his duty and destroy his charges, but being a dog lover himself, he goes out of his way to find homes for them before he is legally compelled to put a dog to sleep. Anyway, we came to the rescue and Spotty has ruled our house ever since.

The day we got the television set, Spotty watched the installation with great interest. When everything was ready, we turned on the set. The show in progress was a "western." The thundering horses and a dog cavorting on the screen sold Spotty on television at the start and from that day on, he has been a confirmed television fan.

A show called, "The Western Playhouse," consisting of horse opera thrillers, goes on the air at 5 P. M. every day from a Boston station, and here is one for the book. Shortly before 5 P. M., Spotty becomes restless and just before the show goes on the air, he comes to one of us to let us know it is time for



*Here we see Spotty posing for his master's Christmas card.*

his show. He goes to the set and sits in front of it and barks. How he knows the exact time is beyond us.

Then, there is "The Zoo Parade" each Sunday afternoon. He gives this show more attention than any other. Aptly sponsored by the manufacturer of his own dog food, the program holds Spotty completely entranced. For a solid half hour, he never moves from his post in front of the set. Now and again he will bark or cry and tremble in approved setter fashion, enjoying himself immensely.

The "Big Top" circus program on Saturday and the circus show from Chicago are his other favorites. He loves the animal acts and when a dog act comes on he has a grand old time.

His devotion to the commercials is another source of wonder. We may be enjoying a play or variety show for which he cares little. Stretched out on the living room rug, he appears to be in

deep slumber, but he isn't fooling us. As soon as the commercial comes on, he bounds over to the set and takes in the sales messages for soap, automobiles or pots and pans.

Last fall, we took a photo of Spotty in a characteristic viewing position and an artist friend inked in the word "Noel" on the screen. Spotty was actually viewing The Zoo Parade which did not show up on the photo. It made an unusual Christmas card. People who do not know Spotty think we are pixilated when we tell them about his television behavior. To those folks, we just invite them to the house and let them see for themselves. They usually leave shaking their heads in awe.

Lest the reader get the impression that Spotty does nothing for his keep except lounge around and watch television, let me add that he is an excellent companion and watch-dog, as well.

# "Beauty" Finds A Home

*By Lucille Mabbott*



ON a cold, wintry South Dakota day, after we had had our first snowstorm of the season, a bedraggled and shivering kitten meowed hungrily at the front door of the *Rapid City Daily Journal*.

After the girls in the classified department could stand it no longer, they brought her inside and upstairs to me in the newsroom. I had long been ridiculed by the male members of the staff for my almost fanatical devotion to cats and dogs. They jeered my collection of pictures which I had pasted on the glass partition separating my desk from the clattering teletypes. Alley cats held as prominent a place as beribboned Persians, and a mongrel dog lying asleep in a hammock distracted attention from three blond cocker spaniels.

I took the kitten, christened her "Beauty," for her unusual coloring—white and gray with touches of pure orange—and fed her from the restaurant next door. I made her a bed with my wool head scarf and here Beauty curled up and purred contentedly.

The noise which is part and parcel of a busy newspaper office daunted her not. She quickly became acquainted with the staff and prowled across one desk after another, sniffing daintily and rubbing a wet nose against anyone vulnerable to her obvious charm.

By noon she had melted the hearts of the most aloof staffers which was demonstrated notably by their return from lunch with offerings for her. Her widening circle of admirers even extended to a few stragglers from the advertising department across the hall.

It was shortly before our evening deadline that someone got the idea of taking her picture and running it in the final edition with the thought that perhaps we could find a permanent home for her with a more suitable background. The photographer waited until she had finished her nap and then caught her in one of her exploring moods. She had become fascinated during the day by the constant ringing of the eleven 'phones in the room and was investigating one of these instruments when he "flashed" her. Looking at him with blinking eyes and hurt pride, Beauty returned to her bed and remained the rest of the afternoon.

The paper hit the streets a few hours later with her likeness reproduced in the lead picture on the local news page. One by one the staff left for the day and I began wondering what would happen to our "adopted" baby if no one claimed her by closing time. I waited around for some time and prayed that someone would either claim her as theirs or would offer her a good home.

Then the 'phone began ringing. The first few calls were from the curious, several were from people willing to take her if we would deliver her. I waited, however, for I had decided in the meantime that whoever got Beauty would have to call in person. You can't size up a person completely by voice only.

The call that brought results was from an eager youngster asking excited questions. Could she come down and see the kitten? "Oh, yes," I assured her. Would I hold the kitten until she could get downtown? "Absolutely," I said.

So Beauty went off to a new home, and I haven't seen her since. I have learned, however, that she has become a faithful and loving pet and is more than living up to her name.

Several strays have found their way to my desk since, but they have never left the empty feeling upon settling in new homes as our first "adopted" did.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

**T**HOUSANDS of years before the radio was invented, the little people of woods and forests had their own methods of relaying news of their home towns, the approach of enemies, the call to food—all the messages necessary to pass from one group to another. The signals might be different, but they were never confused.

A wolf, scenting the kill, raised his pointed muzzle, and sent the blood call ululating through the forests; and other wolves, padding on questing, furred feet, miles away, picked up the cry, and themselves transmitted it further miles, until, individually and in groups, they gathered to the feast.

A sentinel beaver, becoming alarmed, slapped a warning with his broad tail, and other beavers, up and down the stream, slapped their own signals and disappeared.

The white-footed mouse seldom utters a vocal sound, but signal back and forth to each other by drumming rapidly with their finger tips or toes. The sound so produced is a prolonged dr-r-r-r, which varies in length and force.

Another drummer is the woodpecker. In spring, this bird perches on a dead tree or branch and, with its strong, chisel-like bill, beats a rapid tattoo on the resonant wood. This drumming produces a long, loud roll which may be heard for a great distance and serves two purposes. First, it is the woodpecker's love call, and second, it is a challenge to rivals.

The ruffed grouse or partridge also drums out its message of love. This bird, however, drums by flapping its wings. At first, the sound is slow and deep, like the thumping sound of an Indian's tom-tom. The tempo is then increased until it is a drumming, rolling roar, like distant thunder.

This sound is made by the concussion of swift wing blows upon the air and is heard in front of the bird, but not in back. The male cock grouse only, performs this feat and while so doing, it struts about, usually on a fallen tree, known as a "drumming" log. In the spring, this thumping is both a love call to the hen grouse and a boast of defiance to rival males.

The deer, too, signals with foot thumps. Many times one of these creatures will peer into a thicket and thump the earth with its front foot. From the thicket will come a thumping reply and a second deer will emerge.

A rabbit, sitting at attention in the grass, his long ears stretched upward like an aerial to catch the faintest sound, grounds his message with a loud thump. Immediately other thumps are beaten out by other rabbits all through the woods, and then comes silence; and the cruel hawk, flying among the trees on noiseless wings, wonders where all his breakfasts have gone.

The lion, gaping mouth to the ground, sounds his coughing roar over the veldt, and frightened creatures far away scuttle to safety, or are forced into betraying their presence through panic, and are captured by this wily announcer.

And the black man of the Bush, beating the equivalent of a Morse code on a hide-covered drum, has his message relayed a hundred miles, perhaps, within two or three hours; over and over throughout the entire night, if necessary, and by morning tribes are gathering from all directions. It is as clear and emphatic as our S. O. S.

Our own Indians sent their messages by smoke signals. Building a fire on some high mountain peak, where it could be seen unbelievable distances, they produced their smoke, and by the skillful use of a blanket—cutting the blaze or smoke on and off—they "told the world" what they wanted it to know, and other Indians in far places learned perhaps

# Original Broadcasters



—Photo by Karl H. Maslowski

**Mr. White-Foot squeaks, "I say, did you tap something?"**

that a wagon train was moving westward with valuable supplies.

The crow on a high limb, watching over his feeding flock; a lead gander spying out possible dangers far in advance of the flying wedge; some tiny sentry squatting in watchful dignity at the mouth of his burrow while the remaining citizens of Dogtown disport themselves; an old rooster among a flock of hens; the wild horse, trumpeting from some far-flung, rocky crag; the chattering squirrel and noisy blue jay—Nature's picket men—are the original announcers over a vast hook-up, whose stations encircle the globe.



## Sharing Breakfast

By Lela Peterson Doane

INVESTIGATING a commotion among the cats early one summer morning I found, to my surprise and concern, a family of half-grown skunks and their mother eating out of the cats' dish. While consternation showed on the faces of the cats, they were displaying a healthy regard for, and more respect toward their visitors, than they usually did to uninvited guests.

Sitting at what they must have considered a safe distance, snarling in a low tone with bared teeth, they were jealously watching the early-morning callers as they cleared up the breakfast which had been prepared for our feline family. The odiferous callers were gathered about the bowl of bread and milk, eating slowly and deliberately with finishing school manners, as though assembled about a banquet table.

The mother was about the size of a full-grown cat with beautiful, black, glossy fur. On her forehead was a patch of white diverging into two lines which extended the entire length of her back and met again in her big bushy tail. The youngsters were duplicates of their mother although much smaller in size.

When the cats spit and gave out low, but angry murmurs the skunks displayed no ill feelings towards their unwilling hosts, and continued their banqueting in a most gracious manner. After finishing their breakfast, they ambled leisurely away into the grapevines and tall weeds with the air of those who feel that all is well with the world and are well satisfied with life.

## Cow with Moo-la

By Ida M. Pardue

A YOUNG Texas calf took in plenty of money recently. He wasn't on display or up for sale. He took in the money in a most unusual manner. He ate it.

Being a calf and not a human, the young cow probably figured that the only possible use for the long green stuff he discovered was for food. At any rate, down the hatch went \$158.50 in greenbacks and checks.

He didn't keep it long, however. His irate owner called a veterinarian who soon recovered the wad—and a wad it was, in truth, a wad of chewed paper.

## Callers from the Wild

By Ida M. Pardue

IT isn't often that one has such unusual guests.

Recently, an Oregon family found, to their surprise, that a wild elk was paying them regular visits. Quite unafraid, the animal has been making itself at home in the yard, roaming through the shrubs with bull-in-the-china-closet results, and slaking its thirst in the fish pond. Not even the installation of an electric fence made the animal feel unwanted. He just went at it with his antlers and came in anyway.

A duck which apparently muffed a flying lesson became the uninvited, unwilling guest of a telephone company. A repairman looking for the cause of a short-circuit in the lines, discovered it in the person of a mallard which was unable to free itself from the wires. Apparently none the worse for its enforced stay, the duck flew off after being released.

Winter's icy hand sometimes forces deer into the company of man. A Salt Lake City family found a young doe on their porch, one winter day. Another young deer, marooned on the ice of the Hudson River was rescued by the crew of a tug boat and later released.

Some wild callers are welcome. One was the baby cottontail accidentally stepped on by a picknicker. A veterinarian put a splint on the bunny's fractured leg, and gave it penicillin. Then the doctor's daughter took the bunny home, to give it eye-dropper meals and kind treatment.

A cat spread the welcome mat for an orphan squirrel found in a Philadelphia family's yard. "Jeannie," the mama cat, simply added "Nutsy," as the squirrel was dubbed, to her litter of kittens.



## "Gyp" Had a Concern

By Helen Jay

IT was in the days of horse-cars that "Gyp," a little black spaniel, had a concern, as the Quakers say—and our forebears were Quakers. Down through our generation the story has been told as proof of canine intelligence and devotion, keeping green the memory of a little dog I never saw but feel I know.

Gyp's concern started when the youngest son of the family, who was grandfather, married and went to a home of his own, a few miles away. Gyp moped. "What is the matter with thee?" the others asked him, but soon they knew.

By watching and following, Gyp discovered where the new home was. From then on, he appeared there, whatever the weather, after breakfast and there he stayed until Grandfather returned from his office, patted him and told him he was a good dog. He could not be persuaded to leave earlier or to stay later, nor would he eat his supper there. Satisfied that all was well, it seemed, and that he had done his duty, when the exact time came, he was off and up the street to take the car back—and he never missed one, nor did he have to wait long. He seemed to know just when the car was coming. Grandfather was at first anxious and followed him to see. So did the family at the old home, puzzled as to how he managed, and worried, in the beginning, about what they thought much too long a trot for so little a dog.

They saw him wait at a street corner for a car, and when a driver did not stop, run along until he found someone about to board the car and then get on with him. It was easy enough for him to keep up with the horses. And, in those days, dogs were allowed to ride in the cars. If the driver did not stop at the right corner to let him off, he would wait and leave with the next alighting passenger.

It was not long before all the drivers of the horse-cars on that line knew Gyp and always stopped for him.

## Dog-On-Diet

By Ila J. Warner

Though tooth-marks left on chairs  
and hose

Prove appetite terrific,

Our pampered pup turns up her nose  
At diet scientific.





—Photo by Otto F. Rothe

*Two youngsters butt it out in play over their elder's apparent indifference.*

# An Honored Citizen Is

## Mr. Billy Goat

**By Gladys Jordan**

**P**ROBABLY no domestic animal has been the object of greater ridicule, more verbal abuse and open scorn than the humble goat. And, yet, no animal gives more to aid mankind than does the goat.

This animal seems to be finding a place for itself within the family circle. It is naturally affectionate, playful and fond of being petted. Goats' milk is very rich and it is said to contain ten times as much iron as cows' milk. It is also very rich in phosphorus and there are other minerals found in it that are entirely lacking in cows' milk. More and more physicians are recommending it for undernourished children and for adults who have weak stomachs. The cream can be used like any other cream for cheese, ice-cream and desserts.

Half a dozen goats can be kept on what it costs to keep one cow. One hundred and fifty goats can find forage on less than twenty acres of pasturage. And they can be milked much quicker and easier than cows.

Contrary to common belief, the goat is the cleanest of all live stock. Neither is it the fierce "butting creature" that many a person believes it to be. For no animal more quickly responds to human kindness or affection than the goat. It is not unusual to see one come to its keeper, stand up on its hind legs and put its face up against his. Further-

more, these creatures will play and gambol together much like kittens.

The value of the goat has been long recognized in other lands. Our domesticated goats are descended from the wild goats of an earlier day. As they became domestic they began to give great value for all that was done for them.

The Cashmere and the Angora goats had valuable hair that was woven into fine fabrics. The Angora has a beautiful silky fleece that covers its whole body and part of its legs, in close matted ringlets. Its average spring yield is about two and one-half pounds of wool from which is made lustrous mohair.

The wool of the Cashmere goat varies in color and length. It is soft and silky as down and it will fall off itself if the animals are not sheared in the early spring. But it's far too valuable to lose so the goats are combed and combed again so that every bit of the most valuable undercoat may be saved.

The beautiful shawls made from this

wool have been sold all over the world and today they are kept as precious heirlooms in many families. Thousands upon thousands of looms have been kept busy in their weaving, and more thousands of people have earned a livelihood in this work.

The skins of goats are very valuable as they are made into very beautiful bags, gloves and shoes. They are soft and pliable and take a fine finish and color.

People who have the care of goats seem to get very fond of them and make pets of the little ones. One Maine man who cares for over a hundred goats has each one named. His entire family, including the cat and dog, have learned to like goats' milk and now prefer it to any other. In fact, the cat and dog no longer will accept cows' milk.

In fact, the goat has come to hold an honorable place in life. Children of a future generation will, no doubt, wonder why we ever looked askance at these delightful and valuable creatures.

THE little child who is attracted by bright-eyed, winsome creatures in feathers or fur, can seldom live with them in the woodlands and meadows where they are at home. It is difficult for him to become friendly with them unless he keeps them as pets to be loved and caressed, pampered and indulged, and all too often neglected, starved, and abused. As a child I, too, had a long procession of pets—dogs, chickens, pigeons, peacocks, ducklings, squirrels, a crow, a young whippoorwill, and more others than I can at the moment recall.

As I grew up and extended my explorations farther and farther from the parental roof, the fascination of studying many forms of life in their *natural surroundings* quite displaced any desire to keep animals as captives. Freedom had become a passion with me; I was impatient of all artificial or arbitrary restrictions upon my own liberty, and afflicted by the sight of any creature, of whatever kind, whose freedom had been curtailed. I held that an animal could be considered free only in that environment in which its structure and whole hereditary equipment of appetites and instincts fitted it to live, and I further believed that only beings that were perfectly free could teach us truths of great worth. Hence, I avoided captive animals as unprofitable acquaintances.

The last time that I put a free creature in a cage was more than twenty years ago. I had been studying the habits of motmots and wished to follow the development of the racquet-shaped tail feathers of these beautiful tropical birds. This would require close and continuous observation; so from a nest I had been watching I retained two nestlings almost ready to fly, intending to release them after I had learned what it seemed important to know. But when I saw through the meshes of a cage a bird I had hitherto known only as a shy, elusive free creature, I suffered a great disillusion. These lovely birds, which thrilled me whenever I met them along the river where they nested, lost much of their charm along with their freedom. After a few days I carried them back to the vicinity of their burrow, and with a feeling of relief watched their parents lead them off through the tangled tropical vegetation where I could not follow.

Although I have not again consigned any creature to captivity, nor kept any animal solely as a pet, I have, through force of circumstances, become the owner of a number of domestic animals.

After I had settled on a backwoods farm, which, because of its isolation, had to be fairly self-sufficient, I found it necessary to acquire first horses, then a few cattle, and finally chickens. I did not wish to exploit these animals, but rather to go into partnership with them. I would give them food, shelter, medical attention when sick, in short treat them with kindness and consideration, as friends rather than as slaves. In return, they would provide me with transportation, traction, milk, or eggs. This seemed a fair exchange of services, from which both they and I would profit. To a certain extent, it has worked out as I had hoped. Aside from occasional illness, the farm animals seem content and even happy. They have on the whole paid for their keep, and I have grown attached to some because of their personal charm. Before I began to know them intimately, I never imagined that chickens, which in comparison with wild birds I used to scorn as stupid and degraded, had so much intelligence and individuality.

Yet, despite certain satisfactions arising out of our relationship, the care of domestic animals gives rise to a recurrent feeling of frustration. Naturally, they do not always see things as I do. The cattle prefer the corn to the pastures. The hens have their own notions as to the best place to lay their eggs, and sometimes disdain the nests provided for them. The mare suspects the big bridge to be unsafe, although I assure her that it will bear us safely across the river. These conflicts of will make it necessary to drive, to confine, to use force. Unless some discipline is preserved, the farm will become chaotic; and I seem to be the unfortunate one elected to maintain it.

With the passing of the years, I have discovered that I have quite enough to do in disciplining myself, my thoughts and emotions and impulses—in keeping my own house in order. Self-discipline is the only kind that is of much worth. So long as we are self-disciplined we are free. When we must be disciplined by others, or are called upon to discipline others, we fall into one kind of bondage or another; in the first case we are held down by others, in the second, we are pulled down by others.

The lust for power is the most pernicious of human weaknesses, the cause of more misery than any other. Power through political position, power through social status, power through wealth,



*It took infinite patience and humble courtesy*

# Animal

*by Alexander*

*Reprinted through the courtesy*

power over our children, power over our employees, power over our domestic animals—is not the craving for any of these a manifestation of the same spiritual frailty? The enlightened man seeks to guide others by rational persuasion, by example, by the contagion of his enthusiasm; he shrinks in spiritual stature when he must resort to compulsion. Although we are sometimes forced to use force, we should, for our spirit's sake, avoid such occasions to the limit of our ability. Humility is a virtue difficult to define, and the attempt to cultivate it has led to some strange paradoxes. But if we mean by humility reluctance to impose our will upon others, it is one of the foremost among all of the moral virtues.

Despite good intentions, the care of dependent animals calls for the frequent exercise of compulsive force, and so involves a spiritual danger. But our relations with free animals have an exactly opposite tendency. When we wish to cultivate their friendship, we must assume a conciliatory rather than a dominating attitude. Instead of bending them to our will, we await their spontaneous action. This might also be an



able courtesy to photograph this grebe on its nest.

# al Friends

xander J. Skutch

the courtesy of Nature Magazine

undesirable situation if they were exploiting us or deliberately subjecting us to their whims. *But they ask nothing of us except to be allowed to go their ways in peace.* Much of the time while we watch they are heedless of us—indeed, this is the most satisfactory manner of becoming acquainted with them. When we wish to watch a bird build her nest or attend her young, to see a beaver or a muskrat at work, to follow the movements of a herd of deer, we wait for the unfolding of millennial instincts, which long antedate the individual will, rather than for the arbitrary decision of a particular animal. We can, if we are inexperienced and make our presence too evident, delay the performance of the activity for which we watch; but we can not compel it. This need to be patient and self-effacing is salutary for our human egotism, which needs chastening rather than flattering. It is an exercise well fitted to make us gentle and humble.

Or if, instead of trying to cultivate a feeling of friendship and sympathy with free animals through discovering the secrets of their lives without their becoming aware of our interest, we elect

a different approach and attempt to become intimate with them through breaking down their distrust of us as humans, which is the unhappy result of centuries of persecution, we shall need to exercise much the same qualities of mind. To lure the timid wild creature to take food from our hand, or to accept our unconcealed presence beside its nest, calls for vast amounts of patience, tact, and humble courtesy. An abrupt movement, a loud noise, an ill-considered gesture of familiarity, may cancel hours of persevering diplomacy. In any case, when we associate with creatures unsubdued by man, we feel that we are dealing with our equals, who are free because they are self-disciplined, as we wish to be. Indeed, at times we suspect that we are face to face with our superiors. It is hardly possible to feel this way in regard to animals that are captive and dependent upon our arbitrary authority. It is more wholesome for us to associate with equals than with inferiors.

Of all the benefits we can derive from the contemplation of Nature, the most precious is insight into the harmonies that it enfolds. These harmonies in animate Nature are, it is true, only limited and relative, so that if we follow them far enough they invariably terminate in discord—in that ceaseless strife and competition between individuals and species which we have come to call “the struggle for existence.” Yet, despite its restricted scope, also despite the dark and gory matrix of conflict amidst which we find it, each harmonious pattern is a sacred revelation, a precursor or imperfect symbol of some ampler harmony that ceaselessly strives to fulfill itself amidst the enveloping gloom—a hint of some divine order struggling to emerge from chaos.

We seek in vain among our dependent animals for adjustments as perfect as those that we discover in free animals. They are not so well adapted to their environment. We have transported our domestic animals over the face of the earth without much regard for their original adaptations to climate, soil, vegetation, and associated fauna. On our farms we herd together individuals and groups which, if they could obey their instincts would drift apart.

If the relations of our domestic animals among themselves leave much to be desired, their relations with their masters are hardly more felicitous. They have not been associated with us for the

requisite number of generations or under conditions sufficiently uniform, for the necessary adjustments to become innate.

Of all our domestic animals, the dog is most understanding of our moods and responsive to our will. But the relation of the dog to its owner is that of slave and master, not of two beings who can respect each other as equals. . . . He is a sychophant, who wagged his way into acceptance by primitive man and holds his place by playing with infinite finesse upon the vanity of his civilized descendants. This has won for our canine friend the exaggerated panegyrics of Maeterlinck and others who are not displeased to imagine that they are looked upon as “gods.” As though we needed the encouragement of lambent tongues and swinging tail to fortify our flagging egotism! If we wish the testimony of the animal kingdom as to our godlike nature, let us be impartial and take it all together. Do these free creatures running and hopping and creeping and flying in a frenzy to escape as we pass through their haunts regard us as benevolent gods or as frightful devils?

Although it has been my experience that contacts with free creatures are more enlightening and satisfying than association with dependent animals, I shall not go so far as to suggest that children be denied pets. These have often been stepping-stones to a wider intimacy with the living world. But I believe that pets should be few in number, and of kinds that have been so long domesticated that their needs are well understood and can be satisfied, rather than recent captives from the wild which too often languish and die. If the child is permitted to keep his pet only so long as he attends it faithfully, *his ownership may promote his sense of duty, of benevolence, and of responsibility to dependents.* His animal friend may be used to train his powers of observation and for early exercises in keeping records. But as soon as possible he should be helped to find satisfaction and delight in creatures as free as himself and *subject to no man's will.* To the seeing eye and the understanding mind, *the commonest animal that in garden or doorway leads its free, untrammelled life according to its ancestral pattern, can teach more, and more generously reward our patience, than some rare, strange creature that has been torn from its natural setting and subjected to our pleasure.*



# Adventures in Education



IN keeping with the tradition of pioneering in the field of education, for which Springfield, Massachusetts, has an enviable reputation, Humane Education in its broadest concept has long been taught in its schools. This has been done through correlation of all subjects and by first-hand experiences directed toward developing proper attitudes for the humane treatment of all animals.

This interest in Humane Education is naturally paralleled and sponsored by our Society. So, at a recent meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of our Springfield Branch, Miss Dorothea Clark, now serving us as director of Humane Education in the Springfield schools, was invited to demonstrate some of the activities of children in the schools in behalf of animals. Miss Judith Johanson, Miss Margaret O'Malley and Miss Gertrude Flannery were the teachers who planned this most interesting program in which nearly fifty children participated. The keynote of the program was enjoyment of all pets and animals through an understanding of their needs. Children of the Armory Street School wrote their own script and made their own masks representing various animals which they impersonated in a panel discussion between pets and their owners. It was most realistic and convincing as dogs, cats, turtles, rabbits and other animals tactfully related how their relationships with their owners could



(At the top) Armory Street School made up their own panel discussion, in which the animals voiced their complaints and the owners, in the rear row, promised improved care.

(At the bottom) Pupils from the Armory Street School, two with their animal masks, pose with Miss Dorothea Clark and Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, American Humane Education Society.

The picture at the right depicts Rags being treated for an ear infection by Dr. Jimmy Wzoreck and Nurse Sandra Cataldo.



*In a play presented by children of the Kensington Avenue School, our Rowley Memorial Hospital was used as a background. The picture at the left shows Rags being admitted to the Hospital. His owner is Bobby Fournier and the receptionist is Beverly Dearborn.*

*(At the right) Julie Albano, attendant at the Hospital, allows Charles Kinney, Joan Flathers and Joseph Manning to visit Rags while he is recuperating.*

*A few days later, Bobby takes Rags to school to show all his friends how good care has made him well.*



*A group from the Armory Street School show their puppets and stage used in the play of their own writing.*

*(At the right) The doctor and nurse discharge their patient as cured and the proud owner appears very happy that his pet is well again and can go home.*

**PHOTOS ON THESE PAGES BY MATT GRIMALDI  
SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN & DAILY NEWS**

be improved. Such matters as food, grooming and special care in summer and winter weather were brought out as embarrassed owners admitted they had been careless and thoughtless too often, but it all ended on a happy note of love and affection as owner and animal came to a better understanding. Another group from this school presented some excellent puppets of the children's own making, in a play which they had also written.

Miss Elinor A. Whalen assisted the pupils of the Kensington Avenue School who made all the cages and animals and background representing our Rowley Memorial Hospital. Children impersonated Dr. Evans, Chief of Staff, owners of animals, nurses and attendants, all of which pointed out the lesson of proper feeding, exercise and training of animals if they are to be kept healthy and happy and the need for veterinary examination at regular intervals.

There was no question in the minds of the audience that these children had learned to love and care for their pets and were fast developing attitudes of sympathy, justice and consideration for all forms of life. It was a dynamic presentation of what Humane Education can do in the life of a child for bettering our relationships with each other and with all animals.

— Charlena B. Kibbe





"Look what I found!" says a feline patient at the Hospital. Pretty Anne Higgins, staff member, assures the surprised puss that Halloween is here and the traditional black cat and "punkin" are very much in order.

MOVING?—Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager five weeks in advance.

#### OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX — 1510 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Friday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial. BE SURE TO LISTEN!

### Faithful Educator

WE REGRET to mark the passing, in July, of Rev. John W. Lemon, of Ark, Virginia. For many years Mr. Lemon was one of the Field Workers for our American Humane Education Society, retiring only recently from these duties.

A tireless worker among the schools and children of his section of the country, his ideas of kindness, justice and mercy have, without doubt, left their imprint indelibly impressed upon the minds and characters of all the young people with whom he came in contact. Their lives will, indeed, be his living memorial.

### Agents' Calendar

ONE morning recently found one of our agents in a nearby municipal court attending a hearing where an 18-year-old boy was accused by a patrolman of tormenting a kitten. After hearing the evidence, the judge found the defendant guilty and sentenced him to one month in the House of Correction, stating he would not tolerate abuse of animals. This is a very busy district, but our agent got splendid assistance and cooperation from the police.

Answering a landlord's complaint that one of his tenants had abused his dog, the agent assigned to the case found—as is sometimes the case—that this was mainly a neighborhood quarrel. The landlord wished the defendant to vacate his tenement. The tenant claimed the dog jumped at him and tried to bite him and that he kicked at the dog in self-defense. Our agent could readily see how it could happen, especially if the tenant has any fear of dogs, since the dog jumped at our agent when he called to investigate, grabbed him by the arm, but did not bite.

The agent warned the landlord to keep his dog on his side of the property, and told the tenant that if he took out his spite against the landlord on a dumb animal he would find himself in trouble.

A humane person called our Complaint and Ambulance Department recently to report there was a very thin, apparently homeless collie roaming the streets near his residence. On arriving at the scene, our agent made inquiries as to the owner, but no one in the neighborhood claimed the dog, which wore no collar or tag, and whose coat was terribly matted. The collie was brought to the shelter, washed, fed and brushed till he shone. It wasn't long before the now beautiful canine was placed in a new, comfortable home.

The owner of a riding stable complained to an agent of one of our branch shelters that boys hiring horses were racing and abusing them. The agent advised her, since she could not name the boys, that she also had a responsibility. She should not let irresponsible boys hire horses unless she sent one of her men with them to protect the horses on the trails. She promised to do this in the future and to report any further mistreatment to us.

### Shooting B.B. Rifles

ONE of our agents consulted with the police in regard to a complaint received that three boys were shooting at dogs with B.B. guns. The police said these boys had been in trouble many times. Our agent visited the home of the boys, found no one at home, so left a card for the father stating that future complaints against the boys would result in criminal prosecution.

### Convention Notable

PRINCIPAL speaker during the sessions on Humane Education at the forthcoming convention will be Dr. Roma Gans, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Well qualified to speak on this subject, Dr. Gans' work in the educational field began in the public schools in the Middle West. As teacher, supervisor and assistant superintendent of schools, she made broad contacts with children, other teachers, parents, social agencies and the general public, and developed a concern for a program of education in all schools which would help children and adults to face the important problems of living.

In addition to her work at the Teachers College, she has been active as a lecturer and consultant. She is also a well-known author of books and articles on topics in education and has been active on the radio, television, in forums and interviews.

We urge all who possibly can to hear her discuss the phase of teaching which is close to our own hearts.



Dr. Roma Gans



# Let's Clean Up Our Piggeries

By John C. Macfarlane, Director of Livestock Loss Prevention

**D**R. FRANCIS ROWLEY once said, "If some packing plants were housed in glass, enabling the public to look in and observe, very few people would eat meat."

In the light of our modern machine age, however, and our great educational advances, this statement would be a very strong one if made today. Nevertheless, there is a livestock problem that gets much worse as it grows older—the problem of raising and marketing hogs on nothing but raw garbage. Even among the garbage-hog producers there are a few who try to the best of their ability to maintain acceptable sanitary standards. For these men I have high praise and admiration.

Then what is this hog and garbage problem that grows worse day by day? Just this: most sows, boars, and young pigs are kept under the filthiest conditions imaginable, forced to root through several inches of mud and slime in their quest for some small bit of odiferous refuse to eat. Because of the lack of any kind of reasonable sanitation, these garbage-fed hogs have a very high mortality rate, averaging something over forty per cent!

They are kept in dirty quarters, so dirty that once the stench gets into your nostrils it remains there for hours. It clings to your clothes and if, after walking around in the average garbage-feeders' pens, you were to fly to a point three thousand miles distant the smell would still be with you. This then is the problem, and I believe that the consuming public is very much to blame for bringing it about. That these garbage-feeding farms exist at all is due to man's greed for money.

Years ago when we American families could afford to throw away edible garbage, we *paid* these hog men to collect our garbage lest it remain and seriously endanger public health. Then someone got the bright idea of making the hog men pay for the garbage. (After all, wasn't the pig farmer getting rich from the hogs that he raised on our cast-off scraps?) Now we have reached the point where we force these hog producers to bid against each other for the *privilege* of collecting garbage, which to-day is so weak in nutritional elements

that some hog-raisers are forced to keep their pigs twenty-four months before they are able to market them at reasonable weights. Some pigs never do reach market weights.

We must not blame the men who operate these garbage farms. I only wonder that they can eke out a living at all, in spite of the fact that in this part of the United States we pay as much and sometimes more for hogs raised on this slimy goo as we pay for Midwest hogs that are corn-fed and kept under sanitary conditions. I have seen hog carcasses hanging in packing houses all over the United States and you can tell the difference between the animals that have been fed on good grain and those forced to grow fat on dirty garbage.

Since the unsanitary conditions accompanying the feeding of garbage increase the incidence of trichinosis, as long as we make hog men bid against each other for a community's garbage we'll continue buying pork chops and hams that must be cooked dry lest we endanger the lives of our families.

In my opinion, our New England market on hogs doesn't make sense. If, for instance, corn-fed animals are selling for nineteen cents a pound live weight in Chicago, then our hog producers should be able to sell their garbage-feeders for several cents less and still make a profit.

Hogs are by nature very clean animals, and they are also endowed with a peculiar type of intelligence that enables them to balance their own diets if

we permit them to do so. Like Topsy, the pig and garbage business just "grewed," and now, instead of trying to make these men move, let's make it financially possible for them to produce good hogs under sanitary conditions by adopting some of the following suggestions.

1. Let's give our community garbage to these men for the taking.

2. Where garbage is given gratis, the communities in which the farms are located have a right to insist that a high standard of sanitation be maintained.

3. Have garbage-feeding farms inspected regularly by local health authorities, and revoke garbage-collecting permits of those farms whose sanitary standards are not what they should be.

4. Make it mandatory that garbage-feeders be "topped" with grain at least six weeks prior to marketing.

5. Lower the market price on garbage-fed hogs below that on exclusively grain-fed hogs. Free garbage should enable producers to top their hogs with grain, market them below western hog prices and still pocket a reasonable profit.

Adopting measures such as these will eliminate the present high public feeling against garbage-feeding farms wherever they exist. Last, but not least, maintaining sanitary quarters and feeding higher quality feeds will lower the mortality rate, cut down the number of "cripples," "runts," and "bums," increase the amount of meat that reaches the market, and set a high humane standard for the industry. This would please everyone from packer to consumer.



Grain-feeding and a clean sty means husky hogs.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo by R. E. Gustafson

**BOB IN FOR APPLES** — but this pail hasn't yet been filled for the Halloween game. Looks like you'll have to wait awhile, Bob.

## Animal Comparisons

By Ada B. Turner

**C**AN YOU complete these familiar similies with the name of an animal? Ten points for each correct answer.

1. Proud as a .....
2. Work like a .....
3. Mad as a wet .....
4. Glum as an .....
5. Poor as a .....
6. Brave as a .....
7. Gaunt as a .....
8. Strong as an .....
9. Wise as an .....
10. Graceful as a .....

**ANSWERS:** 1. peacock, 2. beaver, 3. hen, 4. oyster, 5. churchmouse, 6. lion, 7. wolf, 8. ox, 9. owl, 10. swan.

## How Brad Saved His Dog

By Bradford Howard (7)

**O**NCE I had a little dog whose name was "Shaggy." One summer day I asked my mother if she would pack a lunch for Shaggy and me because we wanted to go on a picnic.

We ran a race on the way and I fell on a rock and hurt my leg. While I was trying to clean the cut, Shaggy became tired of waiting and ran off.

All of a sudden I heard him bark. Shaggy had found a rabbit and was chasing him. As he chased the bunny, Shaggy was caught in a trap. How he whined!

My leg hurt very much, but I couldn't go home without Shaggy, so I started to find him. When I saw him in the trap I didn't know what to do because I couldn't get the trap off. So I picked Shaggy up, trap and all. At a brook I washed out our cuts and finally we reached home.

There my daddy fixed Shaggy while mother bandaged me. We didn't have any picnic that day, but Shaggy and I kept each other company on the couch instead.

## My Puppy

By Carol Siser (12)

I have a little puppy  
That likes to run and play;  
He's always glad to see me  
When I get home each day.

## "Chippy" is No BABY

By Rita Cunningham (15)

**I**HAVE a pet named "Chippy." He is a wire-haired fox terrier with a shaggy coat of hair. He is a nice dog and likes to play with his bone all day long. He likes to pretend that he is a big dog and barks at all the dogs that go by the house.

When I first got Chippy, he used to try to run away, but now he is very happy in my house and just wants me to take him out for a walk. He doesn't like to be taken out on a leash and when he could, he would chew his collar so we couldn't take him out on it.

One day I took Chippy out for a walk without his leash because I couldn't find it. At first he walked beside me. Suddenly he saw a dog and ran away from me. I called him back, but he wouldn't come. He fought with the dog and I had to stop him. But now he is much better.

When I pick up Chippy to sit on my lap, he always jumps down because he doesn't like to sit on my lap like a baby. He likes to be a big dog all the time. He is seven years old.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## An Egg for Halloween

By Ida M. Pardue

THE "cluck, cluck" of a young hen proudly announcing her first egg is an especially welcome sound in Scotland on or before October 31st. For, in this country, an *eirack's* egg—the first egg laid by a young hen—is a necessary part of the Halloween fun.

The Scotch have kept alive the old custom of telling fortunes on October 31st. Their favorite divining game is played with an *eirack's* egg, which, at twelve o'clock, is cracked so that the white may be slowly spilled into a glass of water. As the albumen moves through the water, the different patterns formed are "read" as signs of events to come.

This is such a popular Halloween sport that the chicken is a very important character at this date. After all, who wouldn't like to know what the future holds for them? But remember, the *eirack's* egg is necessary for a true picture. Or don't you believe in fortune-telling?

## My Dog and Cats

By Carol Elsasser

TO BEGIN the story, "Tippy" was given to me not very long ago. We called him Tippy because of the white tips on his four paws and tail. He is black with a brown masked face. He is a German Shepherd.

When I introduced Tippy to my cat, she did not like him because she was going to have kittens and she did not want him around. After she had kittens, Tippy would get in their basket with them. When the mother came to feed her kittens she could not get him out, so she had to squeeze in, too.

Tippy is just a month older than the kittens, but he has watched the cat carry her kittens so he tries it, too. But he is a little too rough, so they are afraid of him and they play dead when he comes around.

We feed Tippy and the mother cat and kittens together, and Tippy eats so fast that he starts in with the kittens' food before they can start. However, the mother cat does not let him get away with this; she bites him in the leg.

He likes to put his mouth over the kittens' heads, but he does not hurt them. He only plays with them. When he chases them around the house the grass is so long that the kittens have their own little jungle and he can never find them.

There are four kittens in all. One is a very pretty blonde one, one like the mother is gray, and the other two are black—one short-haired, the other fluffy black. The mother is Persian.

Now the kittens sleep with Tippy in his box and every day they have lots of fun together.

## Bashful Turtle

By Gregory Spooner

I found a bashful turtle  
Who wouldn't show his head  
I think he heard me coming  
And went inside to bed.



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Answer to September puzzle: ACROSS—1. bears, 6. pencil, 7. Sr., 8. do, 9. cod, 10. rot, 12. nee, 15. fox  
DOWN—1. be, 2. end, 3. acorn, 4. R. I., 5. slate, 6. pro, 7. school, 11. o'er, 13. if, 14. ox.



## "Mickey", Narcotics Agent, Retired

By Art Crockett

A BLACK sedan stopped noiselessly in front of a dingy tenement house in San Francisco's Chinatown. The occupants of the car, four men and a dog, sprang out and entered the building quickly and quietly. In the hall, one of the men murmured, "All right, 'Mickey,' do your stuff."

Mickey went to the first apartment door and placed his educated snout at the cracks. No response. He tried the next door. Still nothing. At a whispered command he scooted up the stairs, the four men behind him. The same procedure of sniffing at each door was repeated. And again Mickey said "no dice" by simply moving away from the doors with a certain indifferent concern.

At the next level Mickey went to the nearest door and sniffed hard. Suddenly his stubby tail wagged furiously. He looked up at the four men and seemed to say, "This it it, gentlemen."

The men, agents for the Bureau of Narcotics, crashed the apartment and surprised a group of individuals who were engaged in cutting and packaging large quantities of dope.

But Mickey wasn't through. He wanted to do some more searching. An-

other odor was filling his nostrils and it wasn't coming from the stuff on the table. The man holding his leash knew Mickey well enough to give him his head whenever he wanted it. The dog dashed into a bedroom and sat before a closet door, his tail working like mad.

Inside, the agents found several thousand dollars' worth of opium—the main cache. Thus ended the insidious work of another dope distributing point.

For Mickey, a wire-haired terrier, it was just another day in his long and happy career as special agent for the Bureau of Narcotics. He was one of four dogs trained by the bureau to combat the evils of dope, and according to Sam Gon, ace special narcotics agent, Mickey was the best. Mr. Gon backs up this statement by emphasizing the fact that, while Mickey's contemporaries were prone to unleashing their tongues lustily at the discovery of the quarry, Mickey would sit upright and quiet, thereby insuring a successful raid.

Mickey's biography reads like a canine version of Horatio Alger's "Rags to Riches"—with a dash of fate to boot. For it was in a figurative state of rags that the great narcotics agent Sam Gon

found him. The dog was still a puppy then, tramping the streets and rummaging through garbage cans to keep himself alive. Mr. Gon picked him up and brought him to his son, Douglas, as a gift. And through Douglas Mickey was offered success.

At the age of four, and after a good deal of intensive training, the dog was employed by the Bureau of Narcotics. Douglas Gon had long been convinced of Mickey's intelligence, and after the successful manner in which the dog handled his first assignment his bosses, too, were convinced.

Successive assignments came rapidly. Sometimes he worked in San Francisco, sometimes in New York City. Five years later, the man with whom Mickey had worked most consistently decided to retire. And since Mr. Gon was going to take it easy from now on, so was Mickey. He'd sniffed out more than \$500,000 worth of opium and marijuana. Along with his master, he felt he deserved a well-earned rest.

Mickey is back with Douglas now, in Sunnyside, Long Island, resting, reminiscing and sniffing nothing stronger than a delicious ham bone.

## He Saved 200 Mules for the General

By Freeman H. Hubbard

COLONEL Claibourne R. Mason of the Confederate forces operating in Virginia was very fond of mules like those below. They had helped him to build Virginia's first railroad, many years before the Civil War began. It dis-

tressed him to learn, one night in 1861, that his commander, General Thomas (later "Stonewall") Jackson, had decided to put to death the 200 mules in his army on grounds of "military necessity"

The Confederates were greatly out-

numbered and expected the Union troops bivouacked nearby to attack in the morning. Jackson wanted to move his little army through mountainous country under cover of darkness without arousing the Yankees. If even one of the mules should bray—which mules are likely to do when they scent horses or other animals—that sound would betray the strategic retreat. Therefore, Jackson decided to sacrifice his 200 mules.

Mason, who was not only fond of mules, but understood their habits as well, said to his commander, "General, if you'll supply me with a lot of heavy cord, I'll get the mules over the trail quietly."

Obtaining the cord, Mason had every mule's tail tied down securely. Then, riding a horse which they followed, he led the mules safely and noiselessly out of the Yankee trap. What he had told Jackson was true; "The mule never brays until he first lifts his tail."





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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST follows:**

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